Midnight Blows in Through the Window by finalizer

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Canon: The Amazing Spider-Man 2
Pairing: Peter Parker/Harry Osborn
Rating: Teen [PG]
Word Count: 5,479
Summary: A few times that Harry couldn't find the right words to say and one time he didn't even have to say anything. Or, that fic where Harry and Peter don't even realize they're a couple.

i.

"I'm sorry about you two," Harry says, when the plane is already in the air and they're the last ones still watching the setting sky from the observation deck. Everyone else is steadily filtering out the glass double doors at the end of the hall.

"She would've been crazy to turn down Oxford." Peter lets out a breath and turns to leave. "Besides, it wasn't working out lately. Not in… that way, y'know?"

His tone is hard to read and when he starts to walk down the hall, Harry doesn't know what to say to that. He's not sure how friends are supposed to react to such news. He decides a hug would be too forward and trails after Peter in silence.

"I'm sorry about that, too," he says finally, because he's desperate to let Peter know he's there for him (but his inability to deal with feelings is in the way).

They step into the elevator when it arrives, and Peter clicks the button for the ground level before leveling Harry with a glare. "Stop apologizing, you know it's not your fault."

"I know. I just-"

“I know,” Peter interrupts. It’s enough for him, Harry’s presence. “Thanks for coming along, Harry.”

The sincerity in Peter’s voice takes Harry aback and he doesn’t know how he’s expected to react to that, either. He opts for honesty. “I felt like I was intruding.”

Peter frowns and pats Harry on the back, leading him out of the elevator and into the main hall of the airport. There’s a crowd and Harry has a sudden (irrational) urge to take Peter’s hand to avoid getting separated. You’re fucking stupid, he tells himself.

“You’re Gwen’s friend, right? And I’m her friend, too,” Peter’s going on, weaving through the sea of people and suitcases, “So, as her friends, we both an equal reason to be there with her.”

They step outside only to nearly get blown back in by a sudden gust of wind and snow.

Peter makes a sound of disapproval. “And aside from that, I’m pretty sure she appreciated the ride. I can’t imagine lugging suitcases through this snow from the subway.”

As if on cue, said ride pulls up, because the chauffeur probably has a proximity radar on Harry.

Peter pulls his hat tighter over his ears and it draws Harry’s attention to the monstrosity he’s wearing. Harry reaches up and playfully tugs on the incredibly stupid looking pom-pom on the top of the hat.

“Why do you gotta be so freaking tall?” he mutters, when he brings his hand down, and goes on to tell Peter he looks very dumb in the hat, then slides into the backseat of the car before Peter can get back at him and push him face first into the snow or something (for the record, that’s happened before).

“You’re dumb. At least I’m wearing a hat,” Peter grumbles, getting in and shutting the door behind him. He’s making a big show of faux pouting. “Really, you should focus more on your own getup- you’re dressed for early autumn, which is a really stupid move on the part of someone who gets sick so easily.”

Peter holds a hand up before Harry can snap back at him with the usual ‘but it’s [insert designer brand name here], Peter.’

“I’m serious now, Harry. Just ‘cause you got some state of the art heating system in the car doesn’t mean you won’t catch a damn cold.”

It’s actually quite cute that Peter’s concerned, except Harry doesn’t like being babied any more than he likes being sober. But he stays quiet and doesn’t complain, because he gets where Peter’s coming from: yes, a cure for Harry’s illness had been found, but enough damage had been done to his immune system. Long story short, as of late, he’s sick more often than not, especially in the winter months, when he claims hats do not work with his hairdo. Usually, Harry ignores the fever and runny nose, but on several occasions, he’d overworked himself to the point where he was bedridden, burning up and Peter and Felicia took turns playing nurse and saying they told him so.

The car screeches to an abrupt halt and they’re both slammed into the back of their seats. Harry snaps at the driver to watch the damn road, after which Peter, his personal manners coach, tells him off for being rude to his staff again.

Harry mutters a completely inaudible apology, and then another one, louder this time, because Peter’s making his disappointed face again and Harry would rather walk home through the blizzard than upset Peter.

“You’re shivering, Har,” Peter says later, when they’ve been driving for nearly an hour.

Harry rolls his eyes and reaches over to one of the knobs by the door, then huffs when it turns out the heating is already at the highest setting.

“See?” Peter goes on, “I told you you’d get sick.”

Sensing the upcoming overprotective best friend talk, Harry groans to cut off Peter’s impending rant. Peter ignores that and takes one of Harry’s hands in his own to prove his point.

“You are absolutely freezing.”

Harry abruptly pulls his hand away. “I’m fine, Pete, just-”

“No, you’re not, you’re a human snowman, and I swear on Aunt May’s pancakes, if you don’t start wearing actual winter clothes, I’ll follow you everywhere you go, latched on to you like a human blanket.”

And then Harry’s waiting for Peter to burst into uncontrollable laughter or playfully punch him in the arm. Instead, Peter glares at him like he’s dead serious. The silence is unnerving.

It’s actually a pleasant interruption when the driver rolls down the screen dividing the front and back seats and turns to Peter.

“Mr. Parker, there appears to be a road block on your street. Snow plow, I’m guessing.”

Peter slips his gloves on and runs a hand over the fog on the darkened window and glances out. He sighs and his breath fogs up the glass. “Yeah, okay, thanks. I’ll walk from here, then.” He loops his scarf around his neck and turns to face Harry, glaring at him with that all business face

he only saves for serious matters. “You better hope Felicia doesn’t end up calling me that you’re in bed with a critical fever.”

“I’ll be fine, thanks,” Harry tells him curtly and Peter’s taken aback by the tinge of hostility in his tone. He says a quick goodbye and scrambles out of the backseat and into the billowing wind, giving Harry the space he apparently needs.

Peter halfheartedly waves at the window and watches, rooted to his spot, as the driver reverses and turns the car into some side street, eventually disappearing from view, obscured by the increasingly heavy snowfall.

Most of the time, Peter could read Harry like an open book. Aside from the occasional mood swings, ridiculously short temper and constant need for reassurance, Harry was a pretty low maintenance friend and it was relatively easy to figure out what the guy needed.

Except when he got into one of those moods. One of those weird, spaced-out moods that never failed to confuse Peter.

It always happened out of the blue, without a warning; Harry’s entire demeanor would change at the randomest of times and he’d end up looking like a sad kicked puppy. And when Peter would ask what the problem was, he’d insist everything was fine and quickly change the topic. So, they’d drop it and go on with whatever conversation they were having, and though Harry would try to hide whatever was wrong behind his usual façade of rich boy nonchalance, Peter had no problem seeing through it.

But it’s not like they’re fighting. Harry’s just taking a moment to handle- whatever he feels like he needs to handle at the moment.

Peter huffs out a breath and tries to wrap his coat tighter around himself (which is not humanly possible), before stalking off down the street toward his house. He hopes that his alter ego isn’t needed for the rest of the evening because he really wants a cup of incredibly hot cocoa.

Harry reaches under his car seat and he's surprised to find there's still a few bottles of alcohol left over from the last party he'd been to. But at the moment, he's too grateful for its presence to even consider firing his cleaning team.

For the record, Harry knows he's absolutely, devastatingly pathetic but there's nothing like overpriced vodka to make him forget about how Peter's hand felt on his. Drinking is a lousy solution (it's not a solution, it's a getaway, his brain supplies) but Harry can't keep anything off his mind unless he drowns it out. And he really wants to forget about this, because Peter's his best friend and the last thing he wants to do is fuck up the only relationship he has left with anyone.

ii.

On occasion, which here means very rarely, Harry manages to drag Peter out to a bar. It's a rare occurrence mostly because, in addition to Peter being underage, the guy is also righteous to a gross degree and doesn't like breaking the law. So, Harry reminds him that he's not twenty one either (which only makes Peter worry more) and then promises Peter he'll get to choose what they do the next time they hang out. Of course, Harry's not even done telling Peter his offer when Peter grabs his shoulders and says, very intensely, that they're gonna do a Harry Potter marathon (because, holy fuck, Harry has never seen the movies).

Harry orders their drinks, for which Peter is eternally grateful. If it'd been up to him, he'd end up stuttering like a twelve year old with a fake ID. Not that Harry wouldn't try to pay the bartender off in such a case.

They're sitting on rickety stools, with their backs to the bar, lazily looking over the crowd of people dancing in the middle of the floor. Neither dares the other to go out there and twerk or something, which is a good thing, since they're both shit dancers. They'd learned that the hard way.

"This is gross. What is it?" Peter asks, frowning into his glass.

Harry shrugs. "Not sure, man, but you've had four of 'em already."

Peter waves for someone to refill his glass. He's a bit too intoxicated to focus on the fact that it's an exceptionally bland drink.

The girl at the bar walks over to where he's sitting, and Peter wholeheartedly hopes he's not blushing, because he's fairly certain she's leaning down like that on purpose. To top it all off, he's too busy focusing all his energy on not blushing and his sluggish brain barely registers he's staring, until someone clears their throat beside him.

Harry slides his own glass toward the girl, who's questioning gaze flickers between the two of them hesitantly, before she stalk off to fetch the drinks. Harry's glaring at her (it's actually pretty intimidating) and Peter's wondering where the sudden shift in his attitude came from.

His mind connects Harry's expression with jealousy, apparently, because he finds himself struggling to say-

"I'm not- I mean, if you like her- if you're interested-"

"I'm really not," Harry sighs and something tells Peter this is a conversation he's had before. Something also tells him he's not as good as Harry at holding his liquor, but that thought he ignores.

“Yeah, you’re right,” Peter laughs. “She’s nothing like those supermodels of yours.”

The girl at the bar returns with their drinks right about then and probably connects what Peter said with herself, because she slams their glasses down onto the wood with a bit more force than necessary.

Harry looks like he’s suffering from a severe and incredibly sudden headache when he says, “Yeah, whatever, photos can be pretty misleading.” He tips his glass over and downs the drink before going on, a hint of bitterness seeping into his tone. “Besides, I’m not looking for meaningless flirting at the moment.”

Peter tries to find hidden subtext in that confession and fails terribly.

“Whatever. Do you have anyone in particular on your mind, or-?” Harry trails off and hopes he didn’t sound too hopeful, too desperate, too downright sad- oh, whatever.

Peter lets out a comically exaggerated huff and shrugs. “Dunno. I mean- there is someone, but I- eh, they’re probably not interested.”

And Harry pretends his heart didn’t just sink like the fucking Titanic. “Have you talked about it with-?”

Peter waves his hand dismissively, making a low disapproving noise and finishes his drink. “Yeah, yeah, that’s how I know they’re not interested in me- that way- y’know.”

Leaning over, Harry snatches one of the shot glasses lined up on the far edge of the bar and tips it back. No one even notices. And when Peter’s about to call someone over to refill his drink,

Harry tells him to shut up and tosses some bills onto the counter. The bartender doesn't smile as she collects the money, probably still fuming over Peter's out-of-context supermodel comment.

Harry drags Peter out into the snowed-over street. When he's let go, Peter trips over his own uncoordinated feet, and by the time he scrambles up into a somewhat dignified standing position, Harry's watching him with interest, a cigarette burning between gloved fingers.

"Too proud to help a guy up?" Peter asks.

Harry hums disinterestedly and takes a drag. "I guess this wasn't such a great idea. Should've made sure you can hold a few glasses before taking you out."

"I can absolutely take a few glasses. What the hell are you even talking about?" Peter's actually slurring and Harry raises an eyebrow.

"I'm just hoping May won't kill me for bringing you home this wasted."

He latches his hand onto the crook of Peter's elbow and pulls him along, down to the main street, to somewhere they can get a cab.

Peter instantly seems to sober up. "I can't go home like this. I gotta stay at your place, Har."

“No,” Harry snaps and it comes out harsher than he’d intended. “I’m sorry, you can’t. I- uh, I have a meeting to get to early tomorrow. I just- I can’t put you up tonight. I’ll tell May it was my idea, it’ll be fine.”

“Fine, I’ll sneak in through the window,” Peter says and Harry stares at him, because did he actually just suggest that?

The ride to Peter’s house is quiet and the even cabbie picks up on Harry’s don’t you dare tell me about your grandchildren right now glare. Peter looks like he’s trying very hard not to throw up everything he just drank.

They step out of the car and Peter feels a lot better than he did at the damn obnoxiously loud and overcrowded bar. Everything is generally more pleasant when it’s just him and Harry. Overall, everything is better with Harry. Not that Peter would ever dare to say that out loud. Not even drunk.

Peter mumbles out a quick goodbye and Harry figures he’s running to puke in some bushes. He tells the cab driver to wait a few minutes and slowly makes his way over to where Peter’s hunched over at the curb.

“Yeah, we’re not doing that again,” he states, patting Peter on the back in a way that’s meant to be comforting.

Peter rolls over onto his back and makes himself comfortable, lying in the snow like he’s not planning on getting up anytime soon. Harry helps him up this time, because Peter has a pretty bad sense of what’s right and wrong at the moment.

They walk over to the house and, before Harry can knock on the front door, Peter scrambles up onto the porch railing and onto the roof, somehow managing not to topple over in his drunken haze. Harry takes a moment to truly understand that Peter was serious about the whole climbing in through the window idea.

He knocks on the door anyway and explains the situation to Aunt May, who laughs it off, because she's awesome like that.

iii.

It's months later that they're walking through a snow covered alley in Central Park (yes, there's snow in March, much to literally everyone's annoyance), catching up on lost time. Recently, Harry had been spending most of his time buried under a constantly growing mountain of paperwork and Peter had been out doing… Peter things.

Snow is steadily falling in through the spaces in the tree branches and Peter can't help but smile like an idiot, because Harry's actually wearing a hat this time. It's a dumb looking gray beanie, but it's probably designer and worth thousands upon thousands of dollars, so he stays quiet and says nothing, because Harry's not above taking it off purely out of spite.

"Yeah, anyway," Peter goes on. He'd trailed off in the middle of telling Harry about Gwen's Skype call from the previous night. "She said she'd never experienced a busier semester in her entire life, and that includes our high school finals."

"Pretty sure fucking Oxford is gonna be way tougher than your finals, man," Harry says and he takes another sip of his latte. Yeah, it's Starbucks, but that's only because Harry had insisted it would go great with Peter's glasses and the general air of hipster-ness around him. Peter only agreed because he thought the hot coffee would be a nice break from the winter chill (or so he said). The not-so-official version was that Peter was a Starbucks addict. Not that he would ever tell Harry- the guy would never shut up about how much of a hipster Peter truly was.

“Yeah, probably,” Peter agrees. “Right, she also said that the amount of tea Brits supposedly drink is not an exaggeration and that her roommate has twelve different types of Earl Grey in her desk drawer.”

“Whoa, okay.”

And then Harry makes the mistake of sneezing. Peter shoots an incredibly threatening glare at him. He glances down at Harry’s obviously freezing hands and sets his hands on his hips.

“Where are your gloves, Harry?”

“I got a hot cup, Pete. I don’t need my gloves right now,” Harry says dismissively, wiping his nose with the back of his free hand.

“Harold Osborn, put your gloves on right now,” Peter orders and Harry levels him with an equally murderous glare.

A part of him wants to irritate Peter, because it’s funny, but the more sensible side of his mind is telling him Peter’s too exasperated to joke about the topic anymore. He shoves the paper cup into Peter’s free hand and makes a show of digging his gloves out from his jacket pocket and putting them on.

“Now, was that so hard?” Peter asks, resuming his walking.

“Don’t make this worse for yourself, Parker.”

They walk in silence after that. It's not like it's a problem. Just spending time in each other's presence is good enough and they seem to have to a silent agreement about that.

Harry turns his head to see Peter watching him intently, all humor suddenly gone from his expression.

"Did you finish the books?" he asks and Harry's convinced there was a threat disguised in the question.

"Peter, I've been quite literally drowning in documents and here you are, asking me if I read th-"

"Did you read the books or not, Harry?" Peter demands.

"Yes, I read the books!" Harry snaps. He sighs glumly and hangs his head. "In one sitting. Felicia thought I was dead when I didn't come out of my room for two days."

"Why didn't you start with that? I need a detailed account of your experience, you know? Wait, did you not eat for two days, or-?"

Harry shakes his head and tosses his now-empty cup into a nearby trash bin.

"I ordered, like, three pizzas. Doorman brought them up."

Peter tries to add something, but Harry's not done with his rant.

“-and then I got really drunk when Dobby died, okay, so I’m wasn’t sure if I remembered the ending of the seventh book correctly. So, I reread the whole thing, just in case. Anyway, while I was doing that, I missed some deadline for Oscorp and had to spend four hours with Felicia, coming up with an excuse that wasn’t ‘got too caught up with the Deathly Hallows, sorry, sir’.”

“Okay, so, in that case,” Peter says excitedly (and he looks like he’s on the verge of breaking out his collector’s edition wand), “if you’re not busy tonight, which you’re not, we’re going to your apartment right now and pulling an all-nighter movie marathon type thing.”

Harry finds himself protesting, because there’s something potentially painful in the idea of having to spend the night (and then some) with Peter. “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“It’s the best idea I’ve ever had,” Peter insists. “I’m serious, Har. I’ll go get my stuff from home and you go get that huge ass flat screen of yours ready for the show.”

“Pete-”

Peter cuts him off. “You promised I pick the next activity.”

“You picked the hipster coffee joint.”

So, of course, Peter resorts to whining. “Harryyyyy, come on-”

There’s a pause and Harry represses a drawn out groan. “Fine. Fine, whatever, go get your dumb stuff.”

iv.

The heating in Harry's apartment is truly amazing, which would explain why Peter's shocked that he can't wear his onesie. Harry just rolls his eyes and tries not to overthink how disgustingly adorable it would be to see Peter in a onesie. And then he realizes this is much worse, because Peter's loose white v-neck has a low neckline and it's really fucking distracting.

Harry mentally slaps himself. It's really not the greatest way to start one hell of a long night.

"You got popcorn?"

Peter's voice breaks Harry out of his thoughts. "Yeah- yeah, but it's not gonna last you that long."

"So order tacos."

Harry throws his arms up. "I see that you're excited, Pete, but you can't just tell me to order tacos and expect me to do it, just like that." He snaps his fingers to emphasize his irritation.

"Will you?"

Harry sets his jaw. "Yes. But that's only because I want tacos, not because you told me to," he adds quickly.

They end up ordering at least ten different types of ridiculously unhealthy foods and building a small pyramid of them on the living room coffee table. Peter actually takes tissues out of his backpack (what a nerd), and sets them on top of the food pile.

He makes Harry promise not to go off and get drunk when characters die.

When they finally settle down on the couch with (non-alcoholic) drinks, Peter grabs the first of many popcorn bowls and makes it very clear that it's his and his alone. Harry had figured that would happen.

The first movie goes by pretty smoothly. Obviously, Harry points out everything they left out from the books and Peter gets very emotional at the ending.

Harry's gone more than thirty hours without sleep by the time they're finishing the third movie and his tired brain momentarily wonders what it would be like to lay his head down on Peter's lap. He dismisses the unnecessary thought.

A few minutes later, Harry's heart literally stops in his chest, because Peter drops his head onto his shoulder and Harry's sure anyone within a ten mile radius could feel him tensing up.

He probably dozes off somewhere after the halfway point of the fourth film, because when Peter gently shakes him awake, Potter's being attacked by a dragon.

"Get up, sleepyhead," Peter says and when Harry feels his hair getting ruffled, he's utterly convinced he's still asleep and dreaming.

Peter smacks him in the face with a pillow, and if Harry wasn't as sleep deprived as he was, he'd call the first lawyer on his speed dial and sue.

“I’m up, I’m up,” he grumbles.

Peter clicks the film off and drags a half conscious Harry to his feet. “We’ll just start from here when we get some sleep. I was hoping to make it to the fifth, but I’d probably just pass out like you did. It’s past two am, anyway,” he pauses and tightens his grip on Harry, who’s swaying on his feet, “work with me, Osborn, or I’ll have to carry you.”

Harry snaps to attention. He clears his throat. “If you want, you can sleep on the bed. I’ll take the couch,” he mutters.

“Your bed is the size of lower Manhattan, pretty sure we’ll fit,” Peter says. “If that’s fine with you, I mean,” he adds, because he really does have a nasty habit of bossing Harry around.

Harry pretends he didn’t suffer from heart failure at the offer and shrugs. “Yeah, sure.”

They crawl into the huge bed on opposite sides and Harry faces away from Peter for good measure. He can’t afford to think about the whole arrangement the way his tired mind is trying to convince him to think about it.

It’s an hour later, Peter’s snoring, and Harry can’t sleep, because there’s a proximity alarm going off in his head and he’s considering avoiding Peter for the rest of his life to avoid the feeling. He pushes the covers off and pads out of the room as quietly as he can, careful not to wake Peter.

He opts against alcohol; it would be too easy for Peter to tell he’d drank himself to sleep. Instead, he grabs a glass of water from the mess that once was a perfectly adequate coffee table and drags himself to the bathroom and pulls the cabinet over the sink open. He takes the first bottle of pills and pours a few onto his hand-

“What are you doing?”

Harry actually jumps, because Peter’s suddenly in the doorway of the bathroom and he’s eyeing Harry warily.

Harry’s hand closes over the pills. “Couldn’t sleep,” he mumbles.

Peter picks the discarded bottle up from the sink.

“Prescription painkillers because you couldn’t sleep?” Peter demands, setting it back down, label facing Harry.

“Sleeping pills don’t do shit.”

“And is that really how much you’re supposed to take?” Peter presses, motioning to Harry’s now closed hand.

“Peter, can you please not do this right now?” Harry’s voice wavers and he’s really pissed off at his inability to keep his tone even.

“What, I’m supposed to walk away and let you kill yourself?”

Harry tears his gaze away from Peter’s and hastily drops the pills back into the bottle, before pushing past Peter and all but running out of the bathroom. He makes it halfway through the living room before he hears Peter trailing after him.

“Would you stop running away from everything?” Peter snaps and Harry stops dead in his tracks. He turns around.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“That you never talk to me about anything. You close yourself off and wallow in misery or whatever you do, alone, in your room, with whichever bottle of scotch you get your hands on first.”

Harry opens his mouth to snap back at him, but he doesn’t know what to say to something like that. He brings his eyes back up to meet Peter’s. “I think you should go.”

It doesn’t do much to deter Peter. “See? Right there- you’re kicking me out, because, what? It’s easier than telling me what the hell is wrong, isn’t it?”

“Everything is fine,” Harry hisses.

Peter takes a few steps closer and Harry gathers all his willpower to keep himself from moving away.

“Harry, please, just-” Peter tries again. “Just tell me what it is.”

He brings a hand up to Harry’s arm and Harry can’t stop himself from stepping out of reach this time. “Please don’t touch me,” he mutters. “I’m- nothing’s wrong.”

Peter drops his hand. “Harry, goddamn, you can tell me!”

“I really can’t, okay?” he bites out and why the hell couldn’t Peter mind his own damn business and stay in bed?

“Why?”

The silence is unnerving in the dark room and for a moment it’s just the sound of Harry’s erratic breath filling the empty space. He can feel his self-control slipping and it’s really not a good time to be having this conversation.

“I can’t,” he whispers.

“Harry, please, just- you can tell me anything, you know that. And I’m sorry about- I lost my temper, I’m sorry. I won’t do that again, if you tell me, I won’t get mad, whatever it is-”

Harry really wishes that Peter would stop apologizing for something that is obviously not his fault and he also wishes he could go back in time and erase the last ten minutes of his life from history completely.

“Harry, talk to me, please, you-”

Some very insensible dark corner of Harry’s mind overrides whatever he was going to say next, and he just wants Peter to shut up, so he somehow ends up grabbing a fistful of Peter’s shirt and pulling him down to his lips.

He breaks the kiss almost immediately and takes an instinctive step back. “I’m sorry,” he chokes out and he can’t fucking believe he just did that. He screws his eyes shut and waits for a reaction; waits for Peter to turn on his heel and walk right out the front door.

“I’m sorry,” he repeats and it’s barely audible, but he’s sure Peter gets the message. He’s breathing heavily and he can’t hear fading footsteps, but he can’t bring himself to open his eyes.

A finger hooks under Harry’s chin and then there’s a hand around him pulling him closer and Harry opens his eyes only to shut them again when Peter leans in for a second kiss. It’s slow and languid and so damn perfect in its hesitancy.

Peter pulls away and Harry’s eyes are clouded over with confusion and something else entirely and Peter gives into gut instinct and backs Harry up against the closest wall, dropping his head and pressing his lips to Harry’s again.

Harry tentatively brings his hands up to Peter’s shoulders to pull him closer and, hell, this is not how he’d imagined the rest of the night playing out, but he’s far from complaining.

They break for air and Harry’s sweeping Peter’s face with uncertainty in his eyes, half expecting him to burst out into laughter and tease Harry for falling for whatever he thought was happening. There’s none of that.

Harry makes a halfhearted attempt at getting his breathing under control. “You-” he breaks off when Peter’s hand trails down his side to rest on his hip. “You’re serious?” he manages get out. Peter laughs at the disbelief still present in his tone and ducks his head into the crook of Harry’s neck and presses his lips- shit

v.

Harry wakes up to the sight of blinding morning light seeping in through the open curtains, which makes no sense at all, because he always pulls his curtains closed before bed.

And then he offhandedly registers that his pillow is breathing and- fuck, that's not a pillow and that really great dream he'd had wasn't a dream.

Peter shifts under him and Harry lifts his head from his chest. Peter's smiling that stupid smile of his, looking at Harry with sleepy eyes. He leans down and presses a chaste kiss to his lips.

"What was that for?" Harry breathes.

"Because you're dumb and need a lot of convincing."

Harry quirks a questioning eyebrow. "May need some more," he mutters. Peter complies.

There's a moment of silence, where they're just looking at each other the exact same way they always have, except they finally understand what it means.

"What is this?" Harry asks anyway. "What-"

He gets shushed. "Be quiet, not now. I need more z's, it's only, like, ten, so go back to sleep; we'll talk later," Peter tells him.

Harry rolls his eyes and drops his head back down to Peter's chest.

"Who knew Harry Osborn was a cuddler?" Peter laughs, bringing up a hand to wrap around Harry's back to pull him closer.

"Shut up," comes the muffled response. "And close the damn curtains," Harry adds after a moment of deliberation. Peter grabs the covers with his free hand and pulls them over Harry's head.

"Better?"

Harry mutters something incoherent, but doesn't bother shoving the covers off of himself. Peter lets him stay that way for a while and Harry probably falls asleep during that brief moment, taking advantage of the darkness. Peter tugs the covers down and, yeah, Harry's actually sleeping. He presses a soft kiss to the top of Harry's head and he doesn't even bother wondering what the hell they're actually doing at the moment. They'll figure it out in the morning.

The End